the nation declined to ratify that appointment. When the Duma set up a Provisional Government, the reign of the Romanoffs was at an end.

And then came the deluge. A deluge with an unseaworthy Ark. The timbers were rotten and most of the crew not much better. The Captain was suited for a pleasure yacht in still waters, and his sailing master had been chosen by his wife, reclining in the cabin below. The rudder was seized by a disorderly rabble of counsellors, drawn at random from Duma, soldiers, sailors and workers[5] Committees, political organisations of every colour and creed, who spent most of their time and energies in quarrelling as to the direction in which the ship ought to be sailed, until at last it was captured and sunk by a piratical crew who knew their destination.